

Once a Loser, Always a Loser by a_mess_of_a_nerd

Series: [Loser verse \[2\]](#)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Alternate Universe - Everyone Lives/Nobody Dies, Angst, Angst with a Happy Ending, Ben Hanscom is a Good Friend, Bill Denbrough & Eddie Kaspbrak Are Best Friends, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Canon Rewrite, Canon-Typical Violence, Cause I Said So, Childhood Friends, Childhood Trauma, Emotional/Psychological Abuse, Fix-It, Flashbacks, Fluff, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Homophobia, I'm Sorry, IT Rewrite, Implied/Referenced Abuse, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Implied/Referenced Drug Use, Implied/Referenced Self-Harm, Implied/Referenced Sex, Internalized Homophobia, Losers Club (IT) Friendship, Multi, No Smut, Not Beta Read, Pansexual Patricia Blum Uris, Pennywise (IT) Being an Asshole, Pennywise (IT) is His Own Warning, Period-Typical Homophobia, Period-Typical Racism, Period-Typical Sexism, Racism, Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris Are Best Friends, Sexism, Slurs, Tagging is weird, also Richie has a kid, fears, like some tags I have seen scare me, lol fuck Derry, more than the last one cause of reunion fluff, stay safe kids, tw as well

Language: English

Characters: Adrian Mellon, Alvin Marsh, Audra Phillips, Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Dean, Don Hagarty, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers, Maggie Tozier, Mike Hanlon, Myra Kaspbrak, Original Female Character(s), Original Tozier Character(s), Patricia Blum Uris, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris, Victoria Fuller

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Audra Phillips, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Losers Club - Relationship, Mike Hanlon/Original Female Character(s), Patricia Blum Uris/St Stanley Uris, Richie Tozier & Original Female Character(s)

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Summary:

“Swear it.

Swear if It isn't dead,

if It ever comes back,

we'll come back, too.”



Part 2 of my It rewrite series the ‘loser verse’



Disclaimer: I don't own this shit so all writes go to the owners and that stuff

Also not a smut because ew, just rated mature for violence and other gory themes

1. When We Were Young

September 1989

Bill, Beverly, Ben, Richie, Eddie, Stanley, and Mike are sitting together in a circle next to the river.

"I can only remember parts, but, I thought I was dead. That's what it felt like." Ben and Stan gaze at her "I saw us, all of us together back in the cistern, but we were older, like, our parents' ages."

"What were we all doing there?" Bill asked and Beverly shrugged "I just remember how we felt. How scared we were. I don't think I can ever forget that."

"Am I still handsome as an adult?" Richie asks Beverly and does a weird smile and squishes his face and Beverly laughs "you grow into your looks."

"What the fuck does that mean?" All the losers laugh and Stan turns to Beverly smiling "what about me?"

Beverly gives Stan a sad smile "like now... only taller" Stan's smile grows and he looks so proud.

Bill looks at a shard of glass, he stands up and bends down to pick it up "swear it. Swear if It isn't dead, if It ever comes back, we'll come back, too."

2. Come Home

"Memory is a strange thing. People believe they are what they choose to remember. Good memories. The moments. The places. People close to us. But sometimes ... Sometimes, we are what we want to forget."



27 years later

"All right, kids! Get ready... GO!" A siren blares and water begins to spray into the clowns mouths. The red balloons behind the clowns grew before one popped and a bell rang. "Winner winner, chicken dinner!"

Adrian Mellon - a short man in his mid twenties, in a holo bomber jacket and pink shirt- smiled to himself than to his boyfriend Don Hargary -a tall reserved man, also in his mid twenties- and grabbed his prize.

Don shook his head "wow... you really showed em" sarcasm dripping from his voice. Adrian smiled "I did, didn't I."

Next to him, a young girl -Vicky- with an unusual birthmark on her face looked at Adrian's prize with a sad look on her face. Don tilted his head towards her and Adrian turned to face her. He leans down to her level "hey girl, you want this?"

She continues to stare and Adrian leans towards her ear and whisper "thanks for letting me win" before giving her the prize. Her smile grows wide and she takes it and runs to her mother.

"Well, here is your consolation prize!" Don holds up a hat that looks like a beaver with 'I ♥ Derry' written on it. Adrian smiles as he accepts the gift from Don. "Check it out. I have never been an admirer of The Beavers. But look at this cap, great." Adrian puts on the hat and kisses Don "thank you."

Off to the side Chris Urwin -an acne covered teenage 'tough guy'- sees them kiss and anger begins to flood over him.

"We need to talk logistics."

"Oh how romantic!"

"Romantic! What's so fucking romantic huh?" Chris approaches the couple and slaps Adrian's drink out of his hand. He spits on Don's shoe "hey... your mamma ever teach you to respond to someone when they ask you a fucking question?" From the nearby seating, Chris' gang members -Webby and Steve- watch on and even join Chris in the homophobia.

Don grabs Adrian's hand and pulls him away "come on Adrian."

"Do you have a problem, fag?" Webby called out and Adrian stopped and glared at them "no, but Meg Ryan called... she wants her wig

back."

Adrian smirked and Don pulled on his arm again "all right, come on, Adrian." With that they left and the three bullies watched in anger as the couple left.



Adrian and Don walked across the bridge hand in hand, away from the carnival. Don sighs "Because of these things, I want to get out of this hell hole. Small towns, small minds-"

"Small dicks!"

Don huffed out a laugh "no I'm being serious. We don't belong here. We belong elsewhere." Adrian smirks as he listen to Don's speech, like he hadn't heard it before. "Look if you end up hating New York, we'll come back here."

"I just don't care where we end up" the couple stopped and Adrian grabbed Don's face "New York, Derry. I just want to be with you."

"You don't have to say that."

"I don't have to say anything."

The boys lean in for a kiss when a voice calls out "I say take off that fucking hat!" Webby comes up from behind them and they break apart. Don turns to leave, when Chris and Steve appear and block him.

"We can't give people the impression we let a bunch of fairies in our town."

"Well he was born here asshole!"

"Alright let's go" Don tries to pull Adrian away once more but Adrian pulls him back "no, you know what. I'll take the hat off for you. But why leave it at there. Anything else you want me to take off for you tonight. Any... special requests ladies?"

Webby sends a punch into the side of Adrian's face. He grabs Adrian and throws him across the bridge. Don screams at them to stop, and Steve kicks Don to the ground. The lovers are coughing, trying to grasp a bit of air -Adrian more than Don- and Chris picks up the hat that fell off of Adrian's head and puts it on his own.

"What's that?" Webby asks pointing to Adrian's aspirator that he pulled out of his pocket and was shaking. "I don't think you'll be needing that."

The aspirator flies out of Adrian's hand and Don screams "leave him alone! He's got asthma fucker!"

They continue to bash Adrian and Don until they are bloodied and bruised. Adrian and Don are almost dead when Chris and Webby pick up Adrian's limp body and bring him to the bridge railing.

"Put the hat on him Chris."

"No! It's mine!"

"Fucking do it!"

Chris gives in and places the hat on Adrian "welcome to Derry mother fucker" and they throw Adrian off the bridge.

A train goes past as Don cries for Adrian, and the teenagers run off. Don scrambles to his feet and runs down to the river bank.

"Help me! Somebody fucking help me!" Adrian calls out, and a man appears and reaches out for him.

When Don reaches the river bank he searches for Adrian. He sees the hat floating in the river and stares at it till he hears someone grunt. He snaps his head towards the sound, and that's when he sees it. Adrian is being pulled out of the river by a man "Adrian." He doesn't get a response but, the man pulling Adrian out of the river sees him. He smiles, and Don releases that the man is dressed as some sort of creepy clown. The clown smiles at Don before stretching it's mouth open and taking a bit out of Adrian's armpit. The sounds of screams fill the river bank and Don watches in horror as that thing eats his

boyfriend. Then he sees red. Red balloons. They float past him and keep coming till the only thing Don sees is red balloons.



"The truth is that ... sometimes what we want to forget ... What we want to leave in the past ... won't stay there"

Mike wakes up to the sound of the police comms he has set up.

"Units, go ahead. We have a report on the finding of a dismembered corpse."

"Repeat. A dismembered corpse?"

"Affirmative. It was found at the entrance of the Festival."

"Understood. The vehicle is on its way."

"Affirmative. The Sheriff said to block Derry's bridge."

Mike scrams out of his chair and over to the comm and listens in. He looks out of the window over to the direction of the Derry bridge. Mike jumps away from the comm, puts out his coat and heads to the scene of the crime.

"Sometimes, they come back for you."



Police sirens sound and officers are comparing evidence and going over the case. Mike walks down to the river bank, and looks around. When he sees a part of a popped red balloon, Mike picks it up and inspects it.

'I ♥ □ Derry' is imprinted on it and a shiver runs down Mike's spine. Out of the corner of his eye Mike sees something else.

He drops the balloon and walks closer to the river. He is taken back and runs away after he sees written on a support beam, in blood

'Come home

Come home

Come home'

3. Six Phone Calls

Bill sat there, staring at the almost blank page on his computer. He looks at the page trying to think of an ending for the film. But it never comes to him.

Someone knocks at the door, and Bill quickly acts like he's working. The knocker enters the room and he looks at her, "Mr Denbrough they need you on set." Bill nods, grabs his book and follows her.

"Everything good?"

"Just this way."

An alarm begins to sound and the door begins to slide down and Bill rushes under it. The guy who was closing the door had a go at Bill and when Bill had his attention on the guy and accidentally walked into another guy who also yelled at him "who even are you!"

"I'm the... writer."

Bill finds Audra -a tall, red haired women with striking green eyes and a slight bump on her stomach- and walks towards her. Audra doesn't see him and continues practicing her crying face in a little hand mirror. Hair and makeup are all over her getting her ready for the scene. A lady runs up to Audra and whispers "your husband's here" then the lady, hair and makeup all leave and Audra turns to face Bill.

"Hey sweetie do you have the pages?"

Bill's about to respond when the director Peter comes down and looks at Bill, "my friend. This film needs an ending, you do know that right?"

Bill nods "oh yeah" Audra frowns at Bill "you said you needed another day to finish the pages. And not to rush you or anything but we finish this thing tonight!"

"There's still seventeen hours."

"Everyone calm down, okay?"

"I'm calm."

Peter sighed and looked at Bill, "I want you to be happy with the movie. Do you get it, I am on your side!" Bill nods "that's-that's great, because the end of my book-"

"It's terrible" Bill furrowed his brows "with all due respect, people loved your book. Love loved... they hated the ending."

"You said you liked the ending?"

"That was a lie" Audra looked sympathetically at Bill. Peter smiled at Bill "look we've got to do better. Audra you have my notes" Audra nods and Bill looks at her confused "alright, thank you. Take me back to one please!" Peter is then flown back up.

"You have his notes?" Audra softly places a hand on Bill's arm. "Sweetie... I understand the idea that everything isn't always a happy ending. I understand and respect you not telling me why, but people want a happy ending." Bill nods but is frowning, he walks over to the break table and Audra follows "It's a shit ending I get it!"

"Bill please listen!" Bill pours himself a coffee and Audra takes a cupcake, "I get that life sucks ass! I mean you lost your brother, I had a miscarriage two years ago, and we've seen so many people in this industry get hurt and even take their lives."

Tears have began to form in Audra's eyes "so yeah life sucks, but movies, and books help people get away from that! And that's why the studio wants a happy ending!"

"The studio!"

"Bill!"

Bill deeply looks Audra in the eyes "I'm sorry, but I don't know how to write this into a happy ending. I don't know how" Bill begins to slightly cry and Audra envelopes him into a hug. "I believe in you sweetie... and anyway we got to get this movie big for the little guy!"

Bill laughs and the couple smile. Bill places a hand on Audra's stomach, and his phone begins to ring "yes we do."

"Answer that and then write us a good ending!"

"Will do honey!"

The door swings open as Bill exits and places his phone to his ear "hello?"

"Bill Denbrough... it's Mike" Bill walks towards the trailer "Mike who?" Bill stops in his tracks "Mike Hanlon.... from Derry." A sudden sting burns Bill's hand and he gasps out in pain. He move's his hand into his line of sight and a scar slowly starts to appear. "You need to come home.



Car horns beep as Eddie changes lanes. He knows he's going slightly over the speed limit, but in his anger he doesn't seem to care.

"Eddie! I keep telling you not to scar me like this! And you keep-"

"Alright" he opens his pill bottle and downs the last of them. 'Myra please! Not now!"

"You shouldn't be out there!" Myra -a short, fat women with blonde hair and a very distinct resemblance to Eddie's mother- yells "Eddie it's not safe to drive when the roads are slick like this!" Eddie huffs out an angry breath "sweetheart it stopped raining like three hours ago everything's fine-"

Eddie puts his head out the window and turns to the taxi who just honked their horn "HEY DICKHEAD FULL TRAFFIC MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU!" He puts his head back into the car and rolls the window back up.

"What if you hydroplane?"

"I'm not going to hydroplane! Now it's my job to assess risks" Eddie waves his hand in a gesture like talk "so trust me when I tell you that statistically speaking I'm more likely to get in an accident because I'm talking to you on the phone!"

Eddie calms down slightly "okay I have to go. I'll talk to you soon, goodbye" and he hangs up. He lets out a sigh of relief and a second later his phone rings again.

"Edward Kaspbrak speaking."

"You didn't say goodbye I love you like you usually do."

Eddie feels the anger rush back in full force "listen to me! I can't I'm going to be late to this meeting" another call comes through from Derry Maine and Eddie loses all focus from arguing with Myra. His face goes pale and he keeps his eyes off the road.

"Say I love you, Eddie!"

"Okay, I love you mommy.

"What?"

"Myra, bye!"

Eddie hangs up on his wife once again and answers the next call, "hello? How's this"

"It's me Mike."

Eddie doesn't see the light change to red and keeps driving "Mike who?"

A taxi drives straight into Eddie's car and they both ride off to the side. "Eddie are you okay?" Mike asks hearing a commotion over the phone, Eddie chuckles as car horns sound all around him "yeah I'm pretty good!"



"Thank you, I've been Richie Tozier! Goodnight!" The audience clap and cheer as he walks off stage. As soon as he's off he grabs the glass of whiskey out of his manger Steve's hand and downs it.

"You did great Rich!"

"Fuck off, that was shit."

He speed walked to the dressing room and his manger ran behind him, "if you worried about her, she's fine."

"I'm not worried."

"Rich-" Richie turns around and faces Steve "I'm not worried... is she there to?"

Steve nods and Richie presses his lips together and keeps walking, only stopping to fill up his glass with some more whiskey. When they reach the dressing room, Richie is greeted by a snarling women. "What the fuck do you mean I have to take her back for a bit!"

"Good to see you too Lexie."

"I told you to fucking explain!"

"I have some sketchy business to take care of" Lexie -a short Hispanic lady, who is so skinny she seems anorexic- glares at him and watches he fill up his glass for a third time in the last five minutes. "Well take her with you!"

Richie laughs "yes because it's total safe for her. Now tell me do you take her when you go off slutting around so you can pay for more cocaine?"

Lexie growls and sharpens her look "oh like your a model citizen. Tell me what is this sketchy business?"

"I'm going to the murder capital of the world."

"Ha ha, no wonder why you're a comedian" Lexie deadpans and Richie sighs "look I'm tired, we can scream at each other when I pick her up. I'll only be gone for a week at the most."

Lexie stares at Richie for a second, then she backhands him "when you pick her up don't expect that either of you won't leave with worse... drop her off before you leave."

Richie nods and Lexie slams the door. Richie sighs, rubs his hands over his face and pours himself another drink. He takes a sip as he mumbles "fucking hell Mike" and looks at the door as he says a bit louder than before "Derry here I come."



"Thanks for letting us present to you today ladies and gentlemen." They presenter let go of the investors hand and motioned to the display model near him. "Now, as you can see, this design allows us to get one million square feet of commercial and residential space. State of the art office towers-"

"What I'm really looking for is to understand how we create even more retail opportunities. If we put walls here and all the way along her-"

"Lose them" Ben's voice rings out, and everyone turns to face the screen that was projecting Ben's call.

"With all due respect Mr Hanscom-"

"Ben! Please, and with all due respect to you... I'm getting claustrophobic just looking at this model, aren't you?"

Ben frowns and shakes his head "look if you throw up more walls it's going to feel like a prison. And you know what people want to do in prison" Ben doesn't give them time to answer "get out."

Everyone in the meeting seems to begin to sway over to Ben's idea of thinking, but he knows he has to sell the idea more. Even if it's his

company "this should be a place that brings people together. A meeting ground..." Ben looks at his wallet, opens it and caresses the yearbook page inside. "A clubhouse."

Ben sighs and puts the wallet back down "and if people are there and-" Ben is cut off by the sound of his phone buzzing. He looks at it and he frowns, "will you excuse me."

Ben pauses the conference, picks up his phone and answers the call. He gets out of his chair and begins to walk around his big, empty house.



Stan searches for the home of the puzzle piece and smiles to himself when he finds it. Behind him he hears his wife Patricia -a sweet woman with beautiful long blonde hair and a smile that stunned all who saw it- happily ask "should I just book it? Are you sure you can get away from work?"

Stan smiles as he picks up the next piece "it's summer why not." They both smile as the sound of the computer clicks play over the music flooding the house. Then Patty cheers and laughs "alright we are Buenos Aires bound!"

Stan smiles brightly as he searches around for a missing puzzle piece -the last piece. He gets off the couch and searches around the floor for it.

He finds the piece under the coffee table and as he goes to pick it up, his phone begins to ring. Stan looks at the caller ID from under the table and sees it's an unsaved number, calling from Derry Maine.

Stan picks up the piece frowning slightly, and answers the phone "Stanley Uris speaking."

"It's Mike."

"I'm sorry?"

"Mike Hanlon... from Derry"

After a second of confusion a smile begins to spread over Stan's face, "Mike! Oh god, sorry. Yes, Mike. Hi!" Stan laughed slightly "I didn't know why I-I don't know why- uh... how long's it been?"

"A long time."

Stan stands up and walks over to the nearest window, as if he would be able to see Mike outside if he looked hard enough.

"It's come back hasn't it?" Stan says out of nowhere and he hears a hum of acknowledgement over the phone. "That's why you're calling me."

"It's starting again Stan. Bad things are happening."

"Did you call the others? I mean did-ah-did you- I mean what if they don't come?"

"We made a promise. Remember... how soon can you get here?"

"I-I would need to do a few things first but-"

"Tomorrow?" Stan let out a shaken breath and Mike continues "we need you here. I'll text you the details, okay?"

Stan nods even though Mike can't see him and they both say goodbye. Stan hangs up the phone and looks at Patty who is giving him a worried look. Stan feels tears roll down his eyes, and he stares at Patty like it's the last time he'll ever see her.



A drop of water lands on Beverly's face and she quickly wakes up in a panic. Her breathing's heavy and she tries to slowly calm herself down. But when her phone rings -with an unknown caller from Derry Maine- the panic arises again and she quickly grabs it and runs into the kitchen before answering.

"You made a promise Beverly"

"I'm so sorry Mike... but I don't even really remember."

"Haven't you ever wondered why you don't remember things you should. About where they're from... who they are... why you have that scar on your hand."

Beverly removes her hand from where she had it resting in her curled up body. She shakily looks at it and notices a bit scar on it, that -like Mike said- she didn't remember how she got it.

"No one else remembered either. Bill, Eddie, Richie, Stan... Ben."

"Ben?"

"You need to come back... you all do."

"When?"

Once the call is finished, Beverly silently rushes to pack her things. She stuffs her belongings into her bag and quickly picks out a pair of sneakers and puts them on. She doesn't change out of her pyjamas, and is ready to leave. But by mistake she forgets her bag, and goes back to grab it. Then when she's about to leave for a second time, she is stopped by her husband Tom -a menacing presence, tall and muscular, a man who looks like he's been to prison.

She lets out a yelp and Tom smirks "oh hey what's wrong? It's the middle of the night, and you're packing?"

Beverly walks up to Tom and places a kiss on his cheek. "I didn't want to wake you. Honey, I know this weeks been really exhausting. But an old friend from Derry called."

Tom stares at Beverly, making her feel small "I have to go back there... it's really hard to explain why."

"That's okay." Tom walks over to Beverly and places a hand on her back as he sits down. "You don't have to explain yourself to me. I trust you."

"Thank you."

They kiss and Beverly gets up to leave, but Tom grabs her arm with a tight grip. "I just... don't understand why you'd lie to me."

Beverly shakes her head and Tom slowly stands up, griping tighter and tighter and Beverly's arm. He pulls her close to him.

"I heard you on the phone" Beverly whole body starts to shake "you said the name Mike."

"Yes my friend! There was a group of us. A-a-an-and we made a promise, when we where kids-"

Tom shakes his head and in a low growl he cuts Beverly off "you know trust is everything in a relationship. You know it's everything to me, right?" Tom goes to caress Beverly's face but she moves her face so he can't touch it.

"I know this isn't-"

"What? Like the last time?"

Beverly shakes her head "I never cheated on you" she goes to kiss Tom but he grabs the side of her face and pulls at it.

"You're a bad fucking liar Bev!" He walks towards the wall pushing her as he goes "I want you to stay right here. And you're going to do what exact you're going to do with MIKE!" He pushes her into the wall and wraps a hand around her throat, "no one else is going to love you like I love you, you know that right!"

Beverly is fortunate enough to have her hand free, and she scratches Tom's face, making him fly backwards. She's frozen in place muttering an apology to him, as he picks up a belt and hits her with it. Beverly blocks her face with her arms and the lashes the belt is giving her end up on her wrist. She grabs the hand holding the belt in a break between the shots and Tom growls.

"Don't make this any harder!"

He punches Beverly and she falls onto the bed. Tom throws the belt down and goes to take off his top, but Beverly kicks him in the genitali and he flies backwards, onto the ground.

Beverly runs over to her bag, picks it up and runs out of the house. Tom follows after her screaming, but once she makes it out the door, he doesn't follow.

She takes off her wedding ring and speed walks in the pouring rain to the airport to catch a flight bound for Maine.

Notes for the Chapter:

So I don't know how long this story will be since I'm adding and changing more than the last time, which I hope is exciting and good. I feel this chapter might be slightly confusing but answers will be coming!

Like the last story, chapters will be posted as soon as they are done.

Hope you all enjoy this! And make sure to visit my tumblr @a-mess-of-a-nerd

4. Things Don't Change in 27 Years

A loud rustle came from the sewers as a large portion of water flooded out. The water sprayed out into the barrens, bringing the bloodied bodies out with it. All the missing children finally found. A body pops out of the bloody water, screaming.

Henry limped down the road towards his house, where several police cars were stationed. Officers dragged out Butch's body in a body bag, on top of a stretcher. An officer sees Henry limping up the driveway, "boys!"

The officers raise their guns and aim them at the boy. One of the officers says "Jesus this kid got some balls" and another screams out "that's far enough Bowers!"

"I'm not done" Henry shakes his head and the officers get closer "I'm not fucking done! I-"

"Down on your knees!"

"No I can't" Henry tries to walk away but two officers grab him "I'm not done! I need to kill them all!" One of the officers holding him knees Henry in the stomach and he doubles down. Henry screams out about killing them all and the officers beat him up before they arrest him.

And above them all, during all the commotion flies a lone red balloon.



Henry goes to place a bead onto the thread when he drops it and looks out the window.

He smiles, and breaks out into a fit of laughter. He gets up out of his seat and walks over to the window, continuously laughing and watching the lone red balloon outside.

The other patients in hospital look over to see what the commotion is about and join in on the crazy fit Henry is having. They climb the windows and bang on them. A doctor comes up from behind Henry and pulls him down and Henry gets dragged off to his room. The balloon following him the entire way.

The doctor chucks Henry into his room “you can fucking stay in here” and slams the door.

Henry looks out the window, and sees the balloon is gone and he becomes hysterical, but snaps right out of it when he hears a creak from under his bed. He quickly removes the blanket off the floor, and right under his bed is the red balloon.

Henry drops to the ground and pulls on the balloon. He pulls and pulls and pulls, but it doesn't budge until it suddenly pops and a dead body is revealed.

Henry flies backwards, and the body chases him into a corner. When

Henry has nowhere else to move, the body stopped and pulled out a pocket knife. Henry's pocket knife.

The body signalled for Henry to grab it, and Henry finally recognised the body, "Hockstetter."

He grabbed the knife and smiled.



Bill followed the hostess into a large room. He smiled and thanked her, and looked around the room.

"Hey!"

Bill turned around and saw Mike run over to him "hey Mike you look-" Mike cut Bill off with a tight hug. Mike was grinning so much and Bill patted Mike on the back.

"I- I didn't think- I mean it's been so long, but of course you came!"

"Of course, a notice is a notice. Us losers" Bill stops for a second and he looks at Mike confused "got to stick together."

"Losers! You remember that. That's good. What else do you

remember?”

Bill is about to question Mike, when they hear a voice become louder and louder. “I am allergic to soy, anything that has egg in it, gluten. And if I eat a cashew I might realistically die...”

Bill and Mike look at Eddie as he enters and sees them “holy shit!”



Beverly walks up to the restaurant, fixing her appearance as she does. She stops in the doorway and stares inside.

“Is there a password or something?”

Beverly turns around, and Ben is standing behind her smiling. “New kid” Beverly breaks out into a grin and walks over to Ben, embracing him in a tight hug “oh my god Ben!”

"Hey let me sign this" Beverly walks up to Ben's bag and grabs out his yearbook.

When she opens it she sees that no one has signed it and a wave of sadness hits her, but she smiles at Ben and gets a pen out and begins to sign it. Ben watches in awe of her as she writes her name with two love hearts in his book. Then she hands it back to him with a smile on her face.

"Stay cool, Ben from soc class" and with that she began to leave whilst Ben responded, "uh yeah, you too Beverly." As she walked off she called back to him "hang tough new kid on the block" and Ben smiled a lovesick smile, before calling out "please don't go girl"

They hug for a long time soaking up each other's warmth when next to them a "wow" leaves someone's mouth.

They separate and turn around to see Richie checking them out, "you two look amazing! What the fuck happened to me!"

Ben and Beverly stare at Richie for a while, then Ben and Richie walk towards each other. "Hey man" Ben opens his arms for a hug and Richie does the same muttering out "Richie."

"How could I forget, trashmouth!"

The two hug before Richie turns to Beverly and goes in for a hug.

"Hi!"

"Hey!"



A gong sounds and Bill, Mike and Eddie turn around.

“This meeting of the losers club has officially began.”

Beverly, Ben and Richie stand at the opposite side of the room. Eddie smiles and points to them “get a look at these guys!”

Then they all just stare at each other. Twenty seven years can change you a lot.

Well appearance wise, since Richie points at Ben, makes a fat gesture and when Ben turns around, pretends like he’s innocent.

So maybe twenty seven years hasn’t changed them that much.



They all bang their shot glasses together and down them. Richie drops his and turns to Eddie “so wait, Eddie you got married?”

“Yeah why’s it so fucking funny dickward?”

“To what to like, a women?”

“Fuck you bro” Eddie waves his chopstick in Richie’s face, who is laughing “fuck you!”

Bill leans forward and smirks at Richie “alright what about you trashmouth. You married?” Beverly laughs and yells out “there’s no way” at the same time Richie says “no I am. I am.”

The group starts to laugh as they agree with Beverly, Richie looked at Beverly “no I got married.”

“Richie I don’t believe it!”

“When?” Eddie asks and Richie turns to face Eddie “did you not hear about this?”

“No.”

“You didn’t know I got married?”

“No!”

“Yeah no, you’re mom and I are very very happy right now.”

Bill spits his drink out and the whole group minus Eddie begin laughing. They all laugh so hard Beverly feels tears in her eyes “he totally feel for it!”

“Fuck you.”

Richie smiles “you know she’s very sweet. Sometimes she’ll put her arm around me” Richie does what he’s saying to the imaginary person in the empty chair next to him “and she’ll whisper” he leans towards the chair and starts making Jabba the Hut noises, laughing half way through.

“We all get it” Eddie says, stretching out the word all. He throws his hands up in the air “my mom is a great big fat person!”

Beverly makes a over exaggerated skittish face and everyone is still laughing like crazy. Eddie pulls some faces as he sarcastically goes “hilarious... hysterical!”

“Sorry I’m late” a new voice says as they enter the room and take the last empty chair between Richie and Eddie “our flight got delayed, and we had to wait a while to get a free room.”

“Stan the Man Urine!” Richie screams and pulls Stan into a hug. Stan rolled his eyes but hugged the man back “did I miss that much that he’s already drunk?” Mike shakes his head “pretty sure it’s just his personality.” The group laugh and greet Stan.

“Wait, what do you mean our?” Ben asked and Stan smiled, “well my wife and I are going to Buenos Aires right after this. So I brought her along.”

Ben looks at Mike and Richie “what are we doing with our lives if we’re still single and everyone else is married?” Mike smiles and laughs “many things, many time consuming things.” Richie nods and the whole group laughs “my lifestyle is very time consuming, just like Mike and Ike said.”

“Yeah okay trashmouth” Eddie says and Richie raises an eyebrow at him “and what do you do?”

“Fuck your mom.”

“For fuck sake!”

“I didn’t miss much I guess” Bill nods “you didn’t miss a thing Stan.”

They continue to eat their meals while chatting and Stan turns to Bill “so what new stuff is going on with you Bill?” Bill smiles and wipes his mouth with his napkin “well, the only people who know this are mine and Audra’s parents. But since you’re my friends, I might as well tell you. Even if Audra wants to keep it a secret.”

The group leans in closer making oh sounds and Bill huffs out a laugh, “Audra is currently four months pregnant.” The losers all smile and congratulate Bill, patting him on the back and telling him he’ll be a

great father. Mike smiles and puts his arm around Bill “first parent of the losers!”

“We don’t know if that’s true” Bill says and he turns to look around “anyone?”

“Sorry, but Patty can’t have kids.”

“Tom and I are too busy.”

Bill looks at Eddie, who is avoiding eye contact and taking a very long sip of his drink “what about you Eddie?”

Eddie shakes his head “no, me and Myra have not decided to have children yet.”

“What the fuck! Why did that sound formal and awkward Eddie Spaghetti?” Eddie glares at Richie “not my name dipshit! And you can’t fucking judge, you’re still single!” Richie goes to say something but Eddie stops him “do to say you are married to my mom!”

“How about a change of topic?” Mike suggests and Richie nods “yes, let’s change the topic. We should talk about the elephant not in the room. Ben” Stan smacks Richie’s arm and Ben looks up “whaat the fuck dude?”

Everyone looks at Ben “okay, obviously I lost a few pounds.” They all

begin to compliment Ben, and Eddie, Richie and Beverly check him out properly. Ben sees Beverly looking at him and begins to blush. Ruining the secret moment, Richie continues “you look- you look hot!”

“It’s true” Eddie says and Richie smirks “you look like every Brazilian soccer player rolled into one. Gorgeous” Ben hides his face in embarrassment, but can’t help himself from smiling.

“Stop it, you’re embarrassing him!” Beverly says and Bill and Mike laugh, Stan shakes his head at them but like Ben, he can’t help himself from smiling. Ben shoos away their compliments and asks “we haven’t heard anything truthful from Richie all night. Tell us something deep dude.”

Stan nods “oh yeah Rich, would love to hear something serious come out of your mouth after nearly fourth years of friendship!”

“Is this a fucking interrogation?” Stan raises his eyebrows and Richie gives in “fine, this is actually something I’m proud of. I was a good little boy, just like Staniel, and got over my cocain addiction all by myself.”

The group goes wide eyed and Stan glares at him, “with therapy?” Richie shakes his head “nope by myself.”

Stan pats him on the back “I’m proud, even though you shouldn’t have done drugs in the first place, I’m proud.” Richie smiles and hugs Stan again “please stop hugging me Richie. I want to eat.” The group begins laughing and they continue sharing stories and catching up

like it hasn't been twenty seven years.



"Really Eddie you didn't become a doctor?" Beverly asked, sincerely, and Eddie shakes his head "no I am a, risk analyst."

The waitress bring a bowl of fortune cookies in and they thank her "that sounds really interesting." Richie crosses his arms and leans back in his chair "what does that entail?"

"So yeah I work for a big insurance firm and-" snoring sounds cut Eddie off and he turns around to see Richie pretending to sleep. Bill starts snickering before him, Mike and Beverly break out into full blown laughter. Richie pretends to wake up and Eddie glares at him "fuck you dude. Fuck you."

"Was this job invented before fun?"

"That's not funny!"

"Yes it is!"

"No it isn- what the fuck are you laughing at?" Eddie turned to Ben "I saved you not Richie, you are now on my side stop laughing Ben! You too Bill!" They all laugh even more and Eddie begins to pout.

Stan snickers as he grabs a fortune cookie. The group go into their own separate conversations and Richie taps Stan's arm. Stan turns to face him "I'm sorry about you and Patty."

Stan smiles "it's okay Rich, there are other ways." Richie smiles and Stan raises an eyebrow "so..." Richie furrows his brows at Stan's mischievous look "you seeing anyone?"

"Oh you missed that part of the conversation. Nah, still lonely. Why?" Stan shrugged his shoulders, mischief still on his face "just wondering." Richie shook his head "no you weren't Stanny, even though we haven't seen each other in years, I still know you. So tell me" Stan smirks "Eddie-" Richie frowns "is married. And it's not like since I'm older everything's fine." Stan began to frown too, "have you even tried to be who you want to be? To be proud?" Richie shakes his head "things like this are hard Stan. You don't get over it overnight."

"Why does that sum up living in Derry" Ben says and everyone looks at him "I don't know why but when Mike called I felt like my life was a living nightmare. Like I hadn't got over something."

The losers all look away, and frown. Mike is about to speak up when Eddie says "I crashed my car when I got Mike's call."

"I-I felt like doing something really stupid" the group looked at Stan confused and Mike took a deep breath. Ben nods "it was like my heart was pounding out of my chest."

“I thought it was only me” Beverly said and Bill nods “it was like pure f-f-f-f-f-f-f-”

“It’s fear” Mike speaks up and everyone glares at him “what you felt was fear.”

“Why did we all f-f-feel like that?”

Mike stayed quiet and Bill frowned even more “you remember something we don’t, don’t you Mike?”

Mike nodded and keeps looking only at Bill and/or Stan when he talks “something happens to you when you leave this town. The farther away, the hazier it gets. But me, I never left. So yeah... I remember. I remember all of it.”

Beverly goes white and she whisper “Pennywise.”

Mike turns to look at her and everyone else starts to panic. “Oh my god, the fucking clown” Eddie mumbles and his breathing begins to hitch, he starts searching around for an inhaler he stopped carrying around twenty seven years ago.

“Mike, you said you wanted our help with something. What was that?” Bill asked and Mike begins to explain “there’s an echo, here in Derry. That bounces back every twenty seven years.”

“What the fuck are you on about?”

“Hold on listen-”

“I don’t want-”

“Listen. We thought we stopped it back then. We thought it was done but” Mike flips through his journal and the rest of the losers are starting to get a bit testy due to the anxiety floating around the room.

“About a week ago a man Adrian Mellon, slaughtered.” Everyone begins to argue over each other and they begin to get louder. But Ben gets them to quiet down, before they get kicked out “let him explain.”

“That echo, we might have changed it. Just like It changed us. But we didn’t stop It, because It just bounced back.” Everyone looks at each other and Mike tries to assess their reactions “we made an oath. That’s why I brought you back. That’s why you’re here. To finish It, for good.”

“Well that escalated quickly” Richie mutters and he opens his fortune cookie “thanks a lot Mike.”

Everyone slowly begins to open their fortune cookies, and they read the messages on them. Stan looked at his and frowned “mine just says flute.” He places the fortune on the table and Ben copies Stan “mine says lonely.”

Bill and Mike follow, Bill's fortune reading 'your fault' and Mike's reading 'outsiders lie'. Bill looks at them confused "what do they mean?"

Eddie puts his on the table and Bill reads it "sick little Eds? What the f-fuck is going on?" Stan takes Richie's and places it down, reading it as well "truth or dare." The boys begin arguing over the fortunes, saying Mike's trying to prank them, Mike defending himself, Ben defending Mike. They begin to question the meaning of the fortunes and almost break out into screams.

A hand shakily places one last fortune on the table 'daddy's little girl' and Beverly chocks out a sob. The boys quiet down and look at her.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Eddie asks quietly, and when no one answers he yells "someone fucking answer me!"

Bang!

Everyone moves away from the table and the fortune cookies begin to move. The shake and rattle until one pops out of the bowl. It cracks open and everyone moves away further. A bug escapes the cookie, and it twists its head around and began to cry. Half baby, half bug. More cookies popped out and cracked open, more monster like creatures escaping them. An eyeball, a bat, and more disturbing, frightening things. The tiny monsters begin to chase around the losers, forcing them into corners. Ben grabs a hold of Eddie and protects him, and Stan runs behind the gong.

Black goo starts bubble out of the bowl and over the table, burning everything it touches. Mike turns around to look away, but inside comes face to face with a decomposing head in the fish tank. Bill sees it too, and all of the losers are screaming, afraid for their lives.

“It’s not real. It’s not real!” Mike screams on a continuous loop as he picks up a chair and starts hitting it on the table.

The waitress walks in to see them acting like maniacs, unable to see the monsters and the goo. Mike sees her and stops hitting the table and she asks “is everything alright.”

Everyone stares at her in embarrassment and confusion. She stares at them back, confused and worried. Richie smiles at her “yeah, yeah. Can we just uh- can we get the check please.” And she runs off to get it.



“That’s-that’s what Pennywise does right? He fucks with us” Eddie asks as they walk out of the restaurant. Mike nods “yes and it’s not real if we believe it isn’t.”

“So like imaginary friends, they aren’t real but we think they are?” Stan turns to look at Richie “you remember having an imaginary friend?”

“Bill!” Bill stops and turns around, the losers doing the same a few

seconds after “um hi?” A little kid looks up at Bill and smiles “and all will become none.” Bill scrunched up his face and looked at the kid “I-I-I’m sorry what?” Bill stares at the smiling kid and the losers look at each other behind Bill, “listen kid, I don’t know who you are but if that f-f-f-fucking clown sent you. Just know that we’ll kill it, we’ll fucking kill it!”

The kid frowns “yo chill, it’s a line from your book. I’m just a fan.” Bill looked up and saw the kids parents “oh... you want a picture?”

“No the ending sucked” and the parents gave Bill a dirty look as they took their son away “come on Dean.”

Bill deflated as they continued to leave the restaurant. Ben frowns and turns to Bill “how do you not remember your own book?” Bill didn’t answer, and Richie looked at Ben “I don’t blame him, I don’t remember the show I was doing last night.”

“Old man brain or too many words?” Stan asked and Richie glared at Stan “neither, I don’t write my own material.”

Eddie’s eyes widen and he begins to wave his hand around “I knew it! I fucking knew it!”

They exited the restaurant, and Eddie runs up to Mike “you lied to us, and that’s not okay!” Richie nodded and shoved his hands in his pockets “yeah, the first words out of you’re mouth should of been ‘hey man you want to come to Derry and get murdered’ cause then I would have said no!”

Eddie is pacing and places a hand on his forehead. Stan sighs and pats Mike on the back "I'm sorry Mike, but I think Patty and I should just head to Buenos Aries early. I don't want her to get hurt." Then Richie and Eddie follow Stan towards their cars and leave.

"I'm going to head to the town house too" Beverly says and turns to Ben "you coming?"

"Yeah" and the two of them leave.

"Bill" Mike whispers and Bill looks at Mike "what can you possibly say to fix this. They've all gone." Mike walks closer to Bill, eyes desperate and pleading "let me show you something. Just one thing, then if you want to leave you can. Just let me show you this first, please."

Bill considers it for a second, before nodding and Mike breaks out into a smile.

5. Promise, Promise?

The baseball game was loud and rowdy, and Victoria -Vicky- Fuller sat in her seat next to her mother with dull eyes, head in hand and a tight grip on her new favourite toy, the one the nice man gave to her.

Her blonde hair flew around her face despite being tied up in a ponytail and she made sure to cover the mark on her cheek.

"Mommy?"

Her mother doesn't remove her eyes of the field.

"How much longer?"

"Victoria" Vicky's mother huffs out "we came to watch the game, so we're going to watch the game."

Vicky sighs and slumps down. She looks at her toy and a firefly lands on it's ear. She goes to touch it but it flies off. Vicky follows it, leaving her toy and mother behind without a word.

It flies under the bleachers and Vicky follows it, all the way into a dark corner where the firefly gets caught between two gloved hands. Vicky stops in her tracks. The hands disappear and Vicky can feel fear run through her veins.

"Hello Vicky!" A cheery voice calls and Vicky jumps back, and the owner of the voice uses the firefly to light up their face. "Isn't your friends call you that, Vicky?"

Vicky takes a step back and the clown that's speaking to her continues talking "how do i know I guess I'm your friend too."

"If you're my friend, why are you hiding in the dark?" The clown doesn't answer and Vicky continues to walk backwards "You're not my friend. You're scary."

She's almost gone when she hears crying. She turns to face the clown and furrows her eyebrows "why are you crying?"

"People always make fun for the way I look. I thought if you didn't see my face, maybe you'd want to be my friend. Never mind. That was silly, old, Pennywise, you'll never have friends."

Vicky frowns "people make fun of me too." The clown looks up in shock "they do?" Vicky nods and points to the mark on her face "For this.

"Well that's silly. For that little thing. I could blow that thing right away."

Pennywise grins as he sees Vicky's eyes light up "you could?" It nods

"oh yes, one pouf and it'll be gone... Oh, but you have to get close enough to see my face. I don't know, Vicky."

"No! It's okay! I won't make fun, I promise!"

"Promise, promise?"

Vicky nods and Pennywise slightly dances with a little jingle "well okie dokie! Just come a little closer and we'll blow it away on the count of three."

"One." Vicky walks closer to Pennywise and leans her cheek towards him.

"Two." Pennywise begins drooling and Vicky's smile slowly deflates the longer it takes the clown to say three. "You're supposed to say three."

Pennywise charges forward and bites of Vicky's head, no one above the gruesome scene hearing the screams of the poor, young Victoria Fuller.



The security guard sat in his chair watching funny dog videos like he does every night. He laughed at the corgi trying to lie on top of the ball.

But after a while his eyes caught a figure walking the halls on the security feed. He gets up out of his chair and sees the person approach the gate -the gate which lead to the prisoners- and he presses the button to let them out.

Fight or flight responses kicking in, he runs over to the figure but freezes when he gets to see them clearly.

A nurse, cover in blood from the neck down.

"What the fuck!"

The man slowly falls forward and from behind the man's falling body, Henry screams out "boo!" He begins to laugh in a maniac sort of way. The security guard jumps backwards and his eyes widen when Henry shows him a blood covered knife.

Henry quickly slights the throat of the security guard and runs out of the asylum. He takes off his jacket and walks over to the fence that has a massive hole in it and walks through it.

"Fuck yeah!" He yells as he sees a -obviously stolen- car. He walks towards it and gets in the passengers seat and turns to the corpse of Patrick, smiling, and says "hey Hockstetter. Let's go!"

And the corpse and sociopath speed away.



"Let's get our shit and get the fuck out of here!" Richie says to Beverly, Stan, Eddie and Ben as they storm into the inn.

"Did you leave your stuff here?" Eddie asks Ben, Beverly has already retired to the bar and Stan and Richie are almost at their rooms. Ben shakes his head "no I left my stuff in the car."

Ben admires the beauty of the building -begrudgingly accepting that fact that Derry does have great architecture- before heading to the bar to talk with Beverly.

She downs a shot and Ben takes a seat on the bar stool in front of her.

Beverly ignores Ben and he sighs.

"Tell me."

She finally looks up at him, and plays the confused card, "tell you what?" Ben frowns and looks deeply into her eyes, "whatever it is you're afraid to tell me right now."

Beverly puts the bottle of alcohol behind her and begins leaving the room, but Ben quickly walks in front of her and tries to pull her into

for a hug, but she flinches and he takes a step back.

"Tell me what's going on Bev. I saw the way you looked when Mike reminded us of It, and that look got worse during the fortunes. So what's wrong."

Richie sighs and loudly enters the room "whatever you guys are talking about, let's make it fast. Alright, we got to go." Ben and Beverly look at each other and Richie turns towards the door "hey Eduardo, ándale! Let's go!"

Stan walks in a second later, rolling his eyes "Patty and I have to wait two days before we can- wait Bev, are you okay?"

Everyone turned to look at Beverly and she pushes past them and walks to the front desk. Ben follows her, "Bev, it isn't healthy to keep this in." She ignores him and bangs on the bell at the reception. No one comes.

Beverly goes behind the counter and grabs her keys and Ben keeps talking "come on Bev, talk to me. Like we used to."

When Beverly is next to Ben again she looks at his chest and mumbles "I know what they mean."

Beverly looks up into Ben's eyes and mumbles out, once again "I've seen all of us die." Ben, Stan and Richie's eyes go wide at Beverly's word.

A loud banging comes from the stairs and the four turn around to see Eddie with three suitcases falling down the stairs. "I just need to get my toiletry bag and then we can go." He looks at them with furrowed brows, "what did I miss."



"The library?" Bill follows Mike into the building, before letting out a laugh "oh god Mike! I swear this place used to be bigger."

Mike laughed too, and Bill admired Mike's renovations. Mike sped walked away as Bill looked at the artefacts Mike put in display cabinets. When Bill saw Mike was gone he yelled to him "yo Mike! Wait up!"

They raced down the hall and up a staircase, until they reached the attic, which was made into a living space.

Bill looked around and Mike went to the kitchen and got out a glass.

"Mike you l-l-l-live here?"

"Yeah. Make yourself at home."

Bill slowly walked around and looked at the pictures and notes Ike

had lying around.

"You want some water?"

"Uh, yeah sure."

Bill walked over to Mike, and Mike handed him the drink. Bill took a sip and made a face of disgust at the taste of it. Mike didn't seem to notice and went through his notes, as Bill placed the glass down.

Mike points to a weird looking object "this is it. This is the key to stopping It. It's the key to everything!"

"You have some really weird tasting water. M-m-m-maybe the worst thing for stopping it would be to get out of Derry."

"It want's us back in Derry. But It doesn't know that I know what I know. How to kill the shit out of It!"

Bill looks at Mike in surprise, and Mike keeps talking.

"I know everything about It. Spoken to every person in this god forsaken town. That would talk to me. And that's-that's not a long list. But I don't- I just- I- I know how this all started. How It started."

Mike picks up the object and walks over to Bill, he shoves the object in Bill's face "here."

"Wow. What am I looking at Mikey?"

"It's an artefact. Early eighteenth century. Shakopee people."

"How did you get this?"

"I found it and- and they gave it to me... I stole it."

Bill's eyebrows raised and he looked up at Mike "what? From Native Americans?" Mike sighed and tilted his head "it's complicated."

"Yeah it is."

Bill takes the object off Mike and Mike took a step back "it helped me on my journey."

Bill admired the object, caressing it, memorising it -for a new film maybe- and says to Mike without looking up "it's beautiful." Mike nods and looks at Bill, "it showed me things. A vision."

"I don't" bill put it down and let out a laugh. He walked past Mike, who moved to where Bill was standing before "I feel kind of funky."

Bill blinked slowly and opened and reopened his palms as if he was trying to test if he was high.

"Why are my hands sweaty?"

"I need you to see" Mike says "what they showed me Bill."

Bill's vision began to get wobbly and he began to hallucinate.

"They live outside of Derry. Beyond It's reach. They moved their many years ago."

Bill sees Mike walking to this place where he assumes the Shakopee live now. And he sees them and Mike entering a tent and it filling with smoke.

"There holy man, holy among the saints..." he saw them give Mike a drink, and he drank it "I drank there sacred potion. And I began to react."

"All living beings must follow the laws of the body, they inhabit." One of the men said and vision Mike began to have visions as well.

"When I looked in the Valley, I saw It arrive." Vision Mike put his hand towards the meteor and Bill did the same. "I knew that one day

I would have to make you all see."

"What? Did you put something in my drink?"

"It's the root."

"Did- you- you drug me?"

"No, it's the root. It's a micro dose of what the Shakopee gave me."

"Why did you do that?"

"To open your eyes." Mike picks up the object and Bill slurs as he says "I don't feel real good." Mike hands Bill the object "I need you look. And you will see."

"I don't feel really good."

The picture of the meteor etched into the object begins glowing and Mike continues to speak as Bill has further visions.

"They showed me the past." Bill sees It forming, the true form of It, three glowing balls. "They showed me the way that was revealed to them." He saw It transforming into things, killing children and terrorising everyone. "They showed me the pain." He begins to

scream and tears well up in his eyes. And finally he sees the ritual. How to defeat It. "They showed me how to stop It."

The visions come to a stop and Mike rushes to Bill, calming him down.

"Did you see the ritual?"

"The Ritual of Chüd."

Mike smiled slightly, letting out a breath of relief "I knew it. I knew you would see." Bill on the other hand grabbed a fistful of Mike's shirt and pulled himself forward "I saw the whole f-f-fucking thing."

"This is how we will kill him." Bill fell backwards at Mike's words and frowned, "how do we do it? Everyone has already s-s-s—said no."

"They will listen to you. It will only work with everyone."



Eddie was pacing, hand on head. Beverly sat stoically in one of the chairs, Ben right next to her. Stan and Richie were at the bar watching Eddie in his panic.

"What do you mean you've seen us all die?"

Eddie walked towards Beverly, and glared at her. She didn't move. Ben looked up at Eddie and tried to silently ask him to back off.

"Yeah, cause that's honestly kind of a fucked up thing to drop on somebody." Stan smacked Richie's shoulder and Beverly wiped away a tear. "Every night since Derry I-" Beverly cuts herself off and takes several deep breaths. "I've been having these nightmares."

Eddie began to pace again, and Ben grabs Beverly's hand sending her an encouraging smile. She starts squeezing Ben's hand and continues.

"People in pain. People dying. People-"

"So you have nightmares?" Eddie stops pacing and looks at Beverly "I have nightmares. People have nightmares. But that doesn't mean your visions are true." Eddie looks around at the group, trying to get them to agree with him, but they all just look terrified.

Beverly shakes her head "I've watched every single one of us-"

"See every single one of us what?" Bill and Mike enter the room, confusion etched onto their faces. Everyone stares at them and Bill slowly walks towards Beverly.

She doesn't meet his eyes when she speaks "those fortunes relate to

our deaths." Bill and Mike's eyes go wide and Richie loudly asks "how come the rest of us aren't seeing this shit? What make's her so special?"

He points to Beverly and Stan's eyes light up slightly, but not in a joyous way, more like an understanding way "the dead lights..." everyone turns to look at Stan "I-I've seen some of the things Bev's talking about. I've seen Richie, Eddie and Bill die. But the rest of you... I don't know what happens."

Everyone's eyes went wide and Mike and Bill looked at each other knowingly. "Bev w-w-was caught in the lights the l-lo-long-longest" Bill said and Mike nodded "so she must have seen more than Stan. We were all touched by It, effected by It. Like some sort of virus."

Eddie starts up his panicked pacing, Beverly lights up a cigarette and starts smoking. Richie walks behind the bar and pours himself and Stan a drink. "That virus has been growing for twenty seven years! This whole time spreading slowly. And it's going to catch us-"

"Eddie's going to die first!" Richie yells and the losers glare at him "beep beep Richie" they all say in unison and he puts his hands up to calm them "Jesus I'm just stating facts."

"What Beverly sees" Mike continues "will come to pass. It's what will happen to all of us eventually. If we don't stop it."

Eddie stops acing and turns to Mike "and how are we supposed to do that?"

"The Ritual of Chüd" Mike says, getting confused looks from all but Bill. Mike continues explaining "The Shakopee... the ones who fought It first. They have a saying, 'all living beings must obey the laws of the body they inhabit'."

"A tribal ritual!" Richie screams and Stan rolls his eyes at Richie "are you fucking kidding me! There's got to be another way! This thing comes back every twenty seven years?" Stan is about to ask Richie to shut up, but Richie's mouth runs faster than Stan's "let's kick the can down the road and do it then!" Eddie snaps his head towards Richie and shakes his head in a chopping motion as he yells back at the man "we'll be seventy years old asshole!"

"It doesn't work that way" Beverly says and she looks at Richie "none of us make it another twenty years if-"

"We don't defeat It now" Stan finishes Beverly's sentence. She nods in agreement "and the way it happens-" Richie downs a shot and Ben speaks up for the first time in a while "if we don't defeat It this cycle, we die?"

Eddie puts his hand over his forehead "horribly" Richie looks at Eddie "I didn't need the horribly part."

"I didn't say it, see said it. Not me."

"Look guys" Bill captures their attention "I've seen w-w-w-w-w-what he's talking about. And... and it's all true. It's the only way. If we

want this ritual to work-"

"We'll have to remember" Mike finishes for Bill. "Remember what?"



Stan entered his room and smiled at Patty, who was lying on the bed reading. She smiled at him "hi honey, how was it?"

"In all honesty, not what I expected."

"Bad?" Stan shook his head, Patty frowned "what's wrong?"

Stan took off his shoes and jacket, and changed into his pyjamas. He walked into the bathroom to brush his teeth, Patty watching him the entire time. When Stan exited the bathroom, he walked over to the bed and Patty pulled him into a hug.

"I forgot everything. And now I remember and everything feels wrong."

Patty strokes Stan's hair, "wrong how?"

Stan took a deep breath and slowly released it "we fell into our old patterns easily and quickly, but we are all just so different from when

we were thirteen. And we've missed out on so much. I mean, I would of loved to have them at our wedding. The six of them would be my groomsmen, even Bev. But they weren't. And I really wished I got to be their at Bill's first book release, the launch of Bev's first line, Ben's first grand opening, Richie's first show, Eddie's wedding and when Mike reopened the library. I missed it. And it feels like I let them down... like I did them wrong."

Patty places a kiss on Stan's forehead and wipes the tears off his cheeks. Stan looks up at her and she smiles at him "you didn't let them down, just like they didn't let you down. You just lost touch is all. But you're all together now, and that's what matters."

Stan nods and smiles at her. He places a gentle kiss on her lips, "thank you. I am so lucky to have you." Patty laughs sweetly and gives Stan a huge grin "you're such a sweet talker Stanley. I love you."

"I love you too."



Eddie spits the mouthwash into the sink, wipes his face and exits the bathroom. He walks over to the old, rickety bed and is just about to call it a night when a knock comes from the door.

Eddie warily approaches the door and opens it. He growls when he sees Richie on the other side of the door, still in the same dirty clothes from the restaurant. He's holding a bottle of whiskey in one hand and two glasses in the other. He grins at Eddie and Eddie decides to let him in.

"Why thank you Edward Spaghetward!"

"Why are you like this?"

"Well you see I was-"

"Beep beep fuckface!"

Richie subconsciously lets a smile spread across his face and takes a seat on Eddie's bed "I didn't even say anything." He opens up the bottle of whiskey pouring both himself and Eddie a glass.

Eddie takes a seat on the opposite side of the bed to Richie, and they stare at each other for a while. They drink a few glasses before Eddie sets his glass aside, "how are you Richie?"

Richie laughs, and in his British man voice replies "well I've doing just fine govna!"

Eddie shakes his head -and he would never admit to the small smile he had- "no I mean how have you been since I last saw you." Richie frowns and Eddie sighs "how long ago was it? Twenty years-"

"Twenty four years."

"Jesus Christ!"

"Yeah... and to answer your question, let's say mediocre."

Eddie furrowed his eyebrows and Richie downed another glass. "How come?" Richie raised his eyebrows and stared at the floor "well for starters, I have no friends, my sister hates me, I spent eight months trying to get over my cocaine addiction but forgot to work on my alcoholism and I just found out most of what I've been believing for nineteen years is bullshit!"

Eddie hums in agreement and gently removes the glass from Richie's hand, "I get you man. Not about the sister and the addiction part, well mostly that part, but I get it. My wife Myra is my only friend, my whole life's been a lie and I use my medication as a form of escapism."

Eddie places a hand on Richie's knee and smiles at him.

"So I guess life's mediocre for the both of us. Us losers with no friends and shitty coping mechanisms."

Richie laughs and nods "indeed Spaghetti Man." Eddie places his head on Richie's shoulder "I missed you and your shitty fucking nicknames." They sat in silence for a while before Eddie pipes up again.

"I don't think I'm happy."

Richie furrows his brows and looks down at Eddie "whatcha mean Eds?"

"I realised I haven't been as happy as I was in that restaurant since I left Derry."

Richie frowned and put an arm around Eddie's shoulder "I'm so sorry" Eddie let out a dry laugh "it's okay. I guess I deserve it for letting myself be so controlled by my mother, I technically married her."

"Wow Eds Spagehts we have the same type!"

"Fuck off asshole!"

"I had to lighten the mood! This whole conversation is just so fucking depressing!"

And for the first time in years, the two men truly laughed like they were kids.



Bill sits on the bed, knees pulled up into his chest. He holds his phone

with a deadly tight grip up to his ear. The phone rings, and each ring is agonisingly long.

"Hi sweetie! How's it going?"

Bill lets out a breath at Audra's voice and smiles "it's... an experience." He decides to tell Audra about the murderous clown later. She shouldn't be worrying about this. Not when they are so close to a happy ending. "How are you?"

Bill hears Audra laugh over the phone "I'm good, kind of relieved filming is over so I can just relax. It would be better if you were here though."

"Same here. I miss you so much." Bill smiles and he can feel Audra smiling too, "now, tell me about these friends. What have you guys got up to?"

Bill laughs, and he lowers his legs, now sitting cross legged "well there's Mike, the one who called, and he planned for us to meet up at this Chinese restaurant. As soon as he saw me he gave me this huge hug. I forgot how good his hugs are. Then Eddie walked in, listing off his allergies to the poor waitress. He has the same fire in him that he had when we were kids. So we talked for a bit, then... you know Beverly Marsh the designer?"

"Yes... wasn't my wedding dress her design?"

"Uh huh. Well she walked in, with Ben Hanscom, the architect and Richie Tozier. Because apparently I wasn't the only one of my friends who became famous somehow. And so we sat down and caught up. Then when Richie was annoying Eddie, Stan showed up and we're finally all together again. And we didn't stop laughing and having fun all night. The whole restaurant probably were annoyed by our loudness!"

Audra laughed, "well I better get to meet them Bill. I shouldn't be the only one in this relationship bring my friends home." Bill laughed and nodded "I'm pretty sure they want to meet you too."

"I love you" Audra sighed and Bill smiled, despite the feeling of fear "I love you too, so much."

"I better get going. We both need a good nights sleep."

"Indeed we do."

"Bye sweetie!"

"Bye honey."

6. A Clubhouse

BuzzFeed Celeb ✓ **@BuzzFeedCeleb** **@BilltheAuthor** **@BevMarsh** **@BenHascom** and **@Trashmouth** spotted at a restaurant in Derry, Maine with three other men. What is going on? <https://bzfd.it/3B427Lc>

Richie Tozier ✓ **@Trashmouth** **@BuzzFeedCeleb** honestly I personally hope it's a gang bang

Stan Uris **@StanleyU** **@BuzzFeedCeleb** **@Trashmouth** beep beep Richie!

Richie Tozier ✓ **@Trashmouth** **@BuzzFeedCeleb** **@StanleyU** □□□



"It's better if I show you."

It's early in the morning as they walk through the streets of Derry. All, mostly rested and all in fresh, clean clothes.

"We don't have much time. This cycle will end soon. And once it does-"

"We're fucked."

They walked under the train tracks and past the sewers like they did when they were kids. Mike leads them towards the woods, and when they reach an opening, recognition fell over their faces.

"The barrens" Beverly says with a small smile, and Ben with an even bigger grin says "this is where we came. After the rock fight."

"The clubhouse!" Richie yells and they all let out a small laugh and Beverly points to Ben "you built that for us!" Ben becomes bashful, and he begins to blush. The losers start looking around for the hatch.

"It's got to be around here somewhere."

"Wasn't it here?"

"No dipshit! It was over here."

"Are you two seriously arguing right now?"

Ben walks over to a spot where no one was looking and says "you know, I actually think the door was" he starts to hit the ground with his foot. "Around-" Ben suddenly falls through the ground and everyone rushes over.

Ben looks at his surroundings and huffs out a laugh "found it! I'm

okay!" He slowly gets off the ground whilst he calls to everyone
"come



Down!" Beverly is the first to slowly descend into the clubhouse. Ben smiles at her and she returns it, and begins looking around.

Richie is the next one in, followed closely by Bill, and he looks around "what the dick is this? How'd you build it?" Eddie came down after Bill and Mike and Stan entered last.

"When did you build it?" Bill asked and Ben watched his friends look around, "here and there, I guess. It was already dug out, so I just had to reinforce the walls. Get some wood for the roof door, and that was pretty much it. Pretty good for my first time huh?"

Ben tried to smoothly rest his hand on a support beam, but it moved and a chunk of the roof fell.

"Now that's a cool feature" everyone glares at Richie "what happens when you put your hand on the other pillar professor?"

"You see this is exactly why we have safety codes" Eddie zips across the clubhouse over to Ben "permits. This place is a death trap. Do you understand that?"

Ben frowns and looks up at Eddie "it's a work in progress, okay Eddie."

"Just so you know I get hurt you're reliable. Also what is this?"

Eddie points to an object hanging from the roof and hit's it "did you go to iron maiden?" Ben frowns and furrows his brows "it's a flashlight." Eddie rushes off somewhere else. "And what is that a horse hitch? Why do you have horses- oh this is cool."

He picks up a paddle ball, and everyone watches Eddie being hyperactive. Ben goes to grab it off of Eddie "that was like three dollars, so be careful with that."

Richie walks over to Eddie, smiling and snatches it off him "look Eds this is how real men use it." He starts to use the paddle ball in Stan's face as Eddie cries out "don't call me that! Also I wanna play with it!"

"Do you see this Stan?" Stan leans backwards "yea I can Rich now stop."

"Yeah stop it, Richie it's my turn."

"To do what?" Ben, Beverly, Bill and Mike watch on as Richie and Eddie torment Stan. Richie still hits the ball in Stan's direction and Eddie is trying to snatch it. "Be awesome and have fun" the hitting gets faster and Stan nearly falls over. Eddie gets louder "and celebrate the magic of the paddle ball!"

He grabs onto Richie's hand, and Richie jerks towards Eddie. The ball flies off the string and Eddie throws his hands up in the air. Everyone sighs and frown watching the ball roll under the floor. "Wow nice going fucknut! You broke his thing!"

Stan's eyes go wide "I broke it?"

"Yeah you broke it with your face!"

"What?"

"I'm not putting my fucking



Hand down there!"

Eddie reaches into the floor boards and pulls out a dust covered, red bouncy ball. He smiles to himself and blows some of the dust off it.

The rest of the losers watch, smiling to themselves as well. Then they begin to look around the clubhouse at the stuff that was left down there. They talk among themselves, reminiscing their childhood.

"Hey losers" a voice calls from the shadows and they all stilled. "Time

to float."

The group start to panic and, a few picking up something to defend themselves and in Ben's case, falling over. A laugh fills the clubhouse and everyone deflates. Richie appears from the shadows, laughing his head off and Bill and Eddie swear at him.

"Remember how he used to do that? And he'd do that little dance" Richie swings his arms side to side making the sound of a cartoon animal singing. When he stops his smile falls slightly "am I the only one who remembers this shit?"

"Are you going to be like this the entire time we're home?" Eddie yells at Richie, who is completely frowning now. "Alright. Just trying to add some levity to this shit. I'll go fuck myself."

Stan rolls his eyes and walks over to Richie, where he sat in the old hammock. Stan sits next to Richie and leans towards him, whispering "try that one again once we defeat It, okay." Richie nods and the two sit there for a bit, watching their friends look around the clubhouse.

Bill walks towards a shelf and picks up a metal tub, with a sticker that reads 'for the use of the losers club only -Stan'.

Bill turns around and shows it to the group. They all smile slightly and Stan speaks up "I remember that, I brought them for us a week after the clubhouse was fully decorated."

They all smile and agree, and reminisce with Stan and Bill pulls out-



A shower cap. Richie looks at it, and snatches it off Stan "what the fuck is this?"

Stan smiles to himself, feeling pride in his idea, and tells Richie "so you don't get spiders stuck in your hair when you're down here."

"Stanley" Richie chucks the shower cap next to him "we're not afraid of ducking spiders." Stan rolls his eyes and moves away revealing the rest of the group with shower caps on.

"I stand corrected."

Eddie pulls his off, before he gets up and marches over to Richie.

"That's a first" Beverly says and Richie nods "touché"

Eddie glares at Richie when he reaches the hammock and places his arms on his hips. "Hey Richie, your ten minutes are up!"

"What are you talking about?"

"The hammock. Ten minutes each is the rule" Richie looks around "I don't see any sign." Eddie starts to wave his hands around "are you being this way right now?"

The rest of the losers smile at the pairs bickering. "No really! Why would there be a sign if it was a verbal agreement?"

"I don't-"

"I remember you agreeing-"

"I neve-"

"-on the fucking rule!"

Eddie pushes Richie's legs over and fights him to get a spot on the hammock as well. Mike takes a seat on the swing and laughs at them and slowly swings. Stan glares at them and they keep bickering, and he rolls his eyes when Richie yells out at Eddie "I can see your vagina!"

Ben picks a nail and starts to hammer it to the unstable pillar. Beverly walks over, smiling with a cigarette in hand. She takes a hit of her cigarette and admires his work.

"I fucked your mom!"

"No you didn't!"

Beverly smiles at Ben and he looks away from what he is doing to have eye contact with her, "you're surprisingly good at this new kid."

Ben blushes and puts his hammer down "you really think so?" She nods and Ben smiles "you know there's actually a summer course Bar Harbour, where they teach you all about architecture. I was thinking about applying."

"I'll do that."

Ben and Beverly turn to Richie who is half heartedly reading his comic. Eddie puts his foot in Richie's face, annoying the trashmouth. He pushes the foot away while he speaks "I'll do anything to get out of Derry."

Mike smiles and sighs "when I graduate I'm straight off to Florida."

"Whaat's in Florida Mike?" Ben asks and Mike lets out a small laugh "I don't know. I- I guess it's a place I always wanted to go."

Richie doesn't look up from his comic when he nods in Stan's direction "Stan you should go with Mike to Florida." Stan turns to look at Richie and frown. Richie finally looks up from his comic "you already act eighty. You'd clean up with all the grandmas." He makes kissing noises and Stan rolls his eyes. A few of the losers laugh, including Stan, before Stan frowns

deeper than before.

"Do- do you guys" Stan stops for a second and looks at them "think we'll all still be friends?"

Beverly and Ben move closer to Stan, and he continues "when we're older."

"What? Why wouldn't we be?" Eddie asks and Bill goes and sits next to Stan.

"Do any of your parents still hang out with their friends from middle school?" They all start frowning, and Eddie takes off Richie's glasses and hits him with his foot. "I mean, things might be different then. We all might be different." Bill shakes his head, "w-w-we'll still be friends. I-I don't think that just g-g-goes away because we get older." Tears begin to roll down Stan's eyes and Beverly nudges Stan on the shoulder. She smiles at him "yeah Stan, come on. You don't have to be so



sad."

The losers all frown, and Stan lets out a shaky breath. Richie grabs his hand and squeezes it, giving Stan a big smile. Stan smiles back and Bill tosses the two men one of the shower caps.

"What are we doing here Mike?" Richie asks and Mike stands up. "The

ritual. To perform it, it requires a sacrifice."

"I nominate Eddie!"

The group turns to glare at Richie, and Eddie's eyes go wide "wait, what!"

Richie looks at him like he's missing something obvious and says "cause your little you can fit on a barbecue."

"I'm five nine, that's like average height."

"Maybe there are other reasons he chose you" Stan muttered and when the losers looked at him confused Richie placed a hand over Stan's mouth "beep beep Staniel!"

Bill shakes it off and glares at Richie "it's n-not that type of a sacrifice."

Mike nods and informs the group "the past is buried. But, you're going to have to dig it up. Piece by piece. And these pieces, these artefacts. That's why we're here. They are what you'll sacrifice. And since we are going in as a group, we need a group token."

Rustling comes from where Eddie had moved, next to Richie and Stan. He places the shower cap on his head and gives the group a tight lipped smile "I think Bill just did that."



Mike pulls Ben out of the clubhouse and they all are finally back above ground. Eddie sighs and looks at Mike "so where and how do we find our tokens Mike?"

"Yeah with all due respect, this is fucking stupid alright." Richie shoves his hands in his pockets "why do we need tokens. We already remember everything. Saving Bev, defeating It. I mean, we're caught up."

Mike looks at Richie and reminds him "that's not everything. We fought. But what happened after that? Before the house on Neibolt."

"W-we can't r-r-r-remember can we?"

Mike nods "see there's more to our story. What happened that summer. And those blank spaces, are like pages torn out of a book. That's what you need to find. We need to split up. You each need to find your artefact, alone-"

"Um I got to say" Eddie interrupts Mike "I mean, statistically speaking, you look at survival scenarios, we'll do much better as a group."

Richie nods "yeah splitting up would be dumb man. We've got to go

together, I mean we together that summer right?"

"No, not that w-w-w-w-whole summer."



"Take it back."

Richie pushes Bill back and Bill goes up to him and punches Richie in the face. Richie falls to the ground and Beverly screams at the boys. Stan and Mike hold Richie back when he gets up to prevent any further damage. Ben grabs onto Bill and the two boys arguing scream at each other.

"Fucking Stop!" The losers turn to look at Beverly, "this is what It wants. It wants to divide us. We were all together when we hurt it. That's why we are still alive."

"Yeah... well I plan to keep it that way." Richie walks over to his bike and hits Bill's shoulder as he walks away. Stan follows Richie and they leave together. Beverly gives Ben a pleading look but he frowns "sorry Bev but I-I can't" and he leaves too. Mike goes to leave as Ben gets on his bike and Bill looks at him "M-Mike?" Mike stops and looks at Bill, "Richie's right. We'll die if we keep this up. I promised my dad I'd look after my mom... and I can't if I'm dead. I'm Sorry."

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry I haven't updated in a while, I got VideoStar and got back into my editing for a while. But I'm back and I'm going to try and even out editing and

writing.

Anyway have a great day/night and hope you enjoy!

7. Beverly Marsh! Beverly Rogan!

"I bet by tomorrow we'll all be back together."

Beverly and Bill walked their bikes home. They were nearing Beverly's apartment and began to slow down. Bill shook his head "I d-d-don't think so."

"Well if we're going to stop It we better be."

"M-m-m-m-m-m-maybe Richie was right." They stop walking and Beverly looks at Bill, stunned by his words. "M-m-maybe we shouldn't, maybe we can't."

"Don't let them get to you."

"It's a little late for that." Beverly frowns and stares at Bill. They're both silent for a moment, and Bill's the one to break it "you should go. B-b-before your dad sees." Beverly doesn't say anything, and Bill watches her leave. Bill gets on his bike and begins to ride home.



Beverly stares at the road like she was watching the memory happen right in front of her. She frowns and moves her hair out of her face, where the wind was blowing it. She turned around and looked at the apartment building, before a ending the stairs and finding her old

apartment.

When she finds it, the little name tag still says Marsh and her frown becomes deeper. She rings the doorbell, and an old, frail woman opens the door a tad. "Yes" the woman asks and Beverly takes a step back "sorry I-I" she looks at the name tag once more, and it now says Kersh.

Beverly furrows her brows and the old woman speaks again "can I help you?" "I thought it read Marsh." Beverly begins to leave but Ms Kersh's words stop her "Alvin Marsh?"

"My father" Beverly nods "I grew up here." Ms Kersh closes the door and unlocks it fully, and reopens it.

"Dear it's not for me to tell you this, but... your father passed away. I'm so sorry you didn't know?" Beverly shakes her head "we haven't spoken in a while."

"Well won't you come in, let me offer you something to drink?"

"No, it's fine. I have to go" Beverly smiles at Ms Kersh and gets a smile in return -a creepier one though- "it's the least I can do."

"Sure, okay."



It's nerve racking really. It's her first fashion show, well of just her clothing line. Well hers and Tom's. She's excited, but also nervous.

"Beverly Marsh!" Some reporter calls out as she walks out from backstage to greet some of her guest personally. "Beverly Rogan!" Another calls and Beverly begins to feel slightly overwhelmed. Reporters begin asking her questions and she ignores them.

She quickly says hello to a few people before rushing off back stage.

Tom is there glaring at her and he growls "I thought I said stay out there and socialise."

"I was but the press were getting really pushy and I-"

Tom growls "speak to the fucking press than!" Beverly flinches and Tom walks over to her and tightly grabs her arm "you will not fuck up my fashion show. Got it you slut!"

Beverly nods and Tom lets go of her arm and Beverly runs out to the press and answers there questions, swallowing down her tears and smiling like everything was fine.



"Is it like you remember?"

"Cleaner."

"Well you feel free to look around while I get the water going."

"Really It's fine you don't need to do that."

"Don't be so polite."

Ms Kersh walks into the dark kitchen and Beverly slowly walks around the apartment. It was cleaner than when she was aa kid, but had more clutter. She walks down the hallway and the bathroom door is wide open.

His eyes catch the shower curtain and he slowly approaches it. He reaches for the curtain and pulls it away and out of nowhere Beverly hits her father over the head with a tile and he becomes unconscious.

Beverly stares at the bathroom and her breathing is getting slightly uneven. She slowly moves her head away from the bathroom and heads into her old bedroom, which is now converted into some sort of dressing room.

She heads straight to the far right hand corner, and drops to the ground. She tries to pull back a piece of wood, but it doesn't budge. She gets a pair of scissors and loosens the board before pulling it

completely off.

Two cockroaches crawl out of a hole in the wall and Beverly places her hand in the hole and pulls out a plastic bag. She smiles as she opens it up and pulls out three items, her old necklace with her house key, a pack of cigarettes and an old postcard. She stores the necklace and the cigarettes in her pocket before focusing in the postcard.

"Your hair is winter fire... January embers... my heart burns there too."

Beverly smiles as she reads the postcard, and lets out a little laugh. She's euphoric, and doesn't notice Ms Kersh at the end of the hallway watching her.



Tom

What do you fucking think you are doing!

Answer me woman!

I will fucking kill you I swear!

Bevvie!

Seen at 3:58pm

You're dead when you get home!

You blocked Tom



Ms Kersh puts on a record and walks back over to the couch. "I do apologise, it gets so very hot here this time of year."

They both pick up their cups and Beverly smiles at Ms Kersh, "it's fine."

"See I feel like you could just about die." Beverly places her cup back down and Ms Kersh continues "but you know what they say about Derry." Beverly makes a hmm sound and Ms Kersh tilts her head "no one who dies here ever really dies."

It goes silent as Ms Kersh stares at Beverly with a tilted head and creepy smile. After a long moment Ms Kersh snaps out of her creepy trans and asks "so what's it like being back in Derry?"

"It's... strange" Beverly responds and Ms Kersh furrows her brows "strange, how?" Ms Kersh starts fanning herself with a bit of her dress and Beverly sees an odd, ugly burn mark on her chest. Beverly starts to shift uncomfortably in her seat and a ding comes from the kitchen.

"I had some cookies in the oven before you came here. You stay right there." Beverly is about to object, but Ms Kersh gives Beverly a look that makes her stay.



Beverly rushes down the street, she had fifty minutes to get ten coffees and return to where she was interning at vogue.

She rushed down the busy streets of New York with ease, almost at the nearest Starbucks. She is seconds away from entering when she hits someone and falls down.

"Oh my god! I'm so sorry! Are you okay?"

Beverly looks up to see the person she ran into extending an arm. She recognises him, but can't remember where from.

She takes his hand and smiles at him "sorry, I was so caught up in my own little world I didn't see you..."

"Ben. Ben Hanscom."

"Beverly Marsh."

They shake hands and for a split second, they both remember meeting when they were children. But that disappears when a car horn loudly honks behind them. Beverly jumps slightly and they both laugh.

"It was nice to met you Ben, I hope to see you around."

"You to Beverly!"

They both smile and wave as Beverly enters the Starbucks. Ben watch's her and mumbles "please don't go girl."



Beverly finds her dad at the kitchen table. He's got a photo of her mother in front of him and is holding a piece of fabric to his face. "Today was her birthday."

Beverly stands still, frozen almost, and Alvin creepily adds "I can still smell her perfume." He removes the fabric from his face and turns slightly to where Beverly is standing "and she's still be alive if it wasn't for you."

"Mommy was sick. You already know, that's why she did what she did."

"She did whaat she did because she was embarrassed to be your mother!" Alvin turns around and his eyes shot daggers at Beverly. "You look like her" he nods "but you are nothing like her."

Beverly's eyes go wide and she feels her fathers daggers being pushed further into her stomach. "Come here." She doesn't move and flinches when he yells "come here!"

Beverly walks over to her father, and he tells her to close her eyes and she obeys. Nothing happens for a few moments, but suddenly Alvin begins violently spraying perfume over her and she opens her eyes.

He sprays half a bottle over Beverly and a bit over himself, and when he finishes he takes a deep inhale of the fabric. "You know that I'd never hurt you. You know that don't you?" Beverly doesn't meet her father's eyes but she slowly walks towards him and hugs him.

Usually she is pretty good at recognising It's tricks, especially since the blood incident right as summer began, but right now, she can't tell if It is about to transform back into the clown and eat her or if she's really with her father.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"You'll always be my little girl. Won't you?"

"Always."



Beverly begins to walk around the apartment's living room and looks at the photos on the walls "Ms Kersh is this your family?"

"Why yes it is. My father came into this country with fourteen dollars in his pocket. And he didn't ask the state for money like people do these days. Do you know what he did?" Beverly reaches the wall opposite the kitchen entry and stops walking "what did he do Ms Kersh?"

"My father joined the circus!" Beverly looks up and sees a photo of a little girl and a man, a man with a familiar face. Beverly's face expresses the horror she felt and her body begins to feel numb. "I was always daddy's little girl."

Beverly slowly turns around to face the kitchen "what about you?" Ms Kersh can't be seen in the dark kitchen but she can be heard, and Beverly slowly walks backwards "are you still his little girl Beverly? Are you!"

Loud footsteps can be heard approaching, and in just seconds a gollum like woman with saggy boobs and floating gray hair storms out of the kitchen, chasing Beverly. Beverly runs as fast as she can - slipping a few times- and makes it down the hallway.

She goes to open the door but it won't open. A creak from the other end of the hallway makes Beverly turn around. "Run, run, run, run, run" a more human like Pennywise turns to look at Beverly. "You haven't change anything yet."

Spit drips out of It's mouth "you haven't changed your futures yet." It angrily paints part of It's face white "you haven't saved anyone."

It start painting It's entire face, in a messy, angry fashion. "Close your eyes Bev."

"Fuck you!" Beverly spits at Pennywise, but It ignores her "if you don't believe" It places It's hands over It's face and digs It's nails though the skin, making lines where It's red paint usually is.

"Come... and... see" It begins laughing and Beverly finally opens the door and runs out.



Beverly runs out of the building and across the road and nearly down the street before she hits something. She falls to the ground and a hand is extended to her. She looks up at the owner of the hand and sees Ben.

"Are you alright Bev?"

she looks back at where she came from, then back to Ben. She gives him a small smile and nods "yeah, yeah I'm fine."

Ben decides not to push and helps her up. He lets out a small laugh, "alright then. How about we go get some milkshakes?" Beverly laughs to and begins grinning "I'd like that a lot."

They walk into the infamous Derry diner, which they were fortunately close to and took a seat at an empty booth.

The waitress came quickly and they ordered -Beverly getting a strawberry milkshake, Ben a chocolate and the pair got fries to share.

When the waitress left, Ben leaned closer to Beverly "hi" she looks at him confused but leans closer as well "hi."

"What did you see out there?"

"Something I wish I hadn't."

Beverly shakes slightly at the thought of the old woman and Ben decides not to ask, instead asking "so... do we kill him and forget everything again?"

"I hope so, don't you?" Ben looks at Beverly sceptically "I do not

know. I would like to remember the good stuff, you know? Do you want to remember something from the past."

"I just remember how scared I was."

"Do you remember anything good... that you don't want to forget?"

Beverly laughs slightly and begins smiling slowly "I remember you guys in your tighty-whities." Ben smiles with Beverly, but is slightly embarrassed "let's forget that moment."

"I remember this" Beverly pulls out the postcard from her pocket and shows Ben "I remember the boy who wrote it for me. Not so much him, but... how he made me feel." Ben smiles softly at Beverly, and she shakes her head "I don't know, it's still blurry. But the longer we are here, the clearer it is. I see the moment more clearly. And I see..."

The waitress comes with their milkshakes and fries and leaves. The two begin to eat and the conversation from before ends.

"So" Ben starts, Beverly looks up at him "how's things with you and Tom?"

Beverly frowns, and looks deeply into Ben's eyes. He's genuinely asking, and he cares. Beverly quickly wipes the grease off her hands and gets out her phone and pulls up Tom's messages.

She hand the phone to Ben, who takes it and begins reading the texts. His eyes go wide and he frowns at Beverly.

"Why are you still with him?"

"It's complicated."

"It's abusive, is what it is."

Beverly sighs and averts her eyes from Ben "I thought he could change if I loved him enough. But he-"

Ben grabs Beverly's hand and gives her a small smile. She looks at him wide eyed and he says "I'll support you with whatever you do, okay Bev. Just... don't let this man hurt you. You don't deserve it."

Beverly smiles at Ben and nods, "thank you." Ben returns the phone to Beverly and she rereads the messages quickly, before saying "I want to divorce him."

Ben nods "that's okay. If you want, I can help you set things up while we're here so he can't change your mind when you go home." Beverly nods and gives Ben a small smile "I'd like that."

They look at each other for a short time, before they continue eating and catching up.

8. Sleep Tight

When they got back to the inn they were laughing to the point of tears. They headed to the bar, and found Stan, Patty and Richie already there.

"Hey guys!" They look up and smile back at Ben, the pair bring chairs over to their friends and sit down. "What's up?"

"Stan and Patty where just telling me about Georgia!"

"Can you get any louder Rich?"

Patty, Beverly and Ben start to laugh and Richie grins "yes I can!"

The group laugh for a while, before calming down and getting to a respectable volume for a public -indoor- place. Patty smiles at the losers and sweetly asks "so, Stan never told me how you all met?" Richie and Beverly over dramatically act offended and Ben smiles sweetly back at Patty.

"I met Stan after I had just escaped Henry Bowers." Patty furrows her brows at the name and Stan tells her he was their childhood bully. She nods in understanding and Ben continues. "He was at the sewers with Bill, Richie and Eddie and they helped me back to town and patched me up."

"He was stabbed by Henry" Patty's eyes widen at Stan's words but he places a hand on hers and says "he's locked up now."

"Well thank the lord!"

They all giggle at Patty's words at Beverly is the next to speak "I met these guys when they were buying supplies to patch up Ben. Well I'd already met Ben and him and Richie were outside, but still." Stan and Beverly begin laughing at the memory of the pharmacy.

"Stan the man and I met way back in kindergarten!" Stan rolled his eyes as Richie slung an arm over Stan's shoulder, but was grinning none the less. "Stan was sitting all alone and I ditched my friends and decided to be his hero and become his friend!"

"That's not how we met."

"Yes it is!"

"No, it wasn't" Richie waved his hand to try and ignore the difference, but Stan turned to Patty and told her how they really met. "I was with the only two other Jewish kids, and Richie said he wanted to be my friend and wouldn't leave till I was."

The group all began to laugh and Richie draped himself over Stan "you make me look pathetic!" Stan shook his head, still laughing and said "because you are."

"I'm wounded!"

"Good!"

Their laughter gets louder and Beverly even got to the point where she was rolling on the floor, hand over her stomach, with tears of laughter. It took ten minutes for all of them to calm down enough, and when they did Ben suggested they get Bill, Mike and Eddie to join them in his room and they can order pizza for dinner. They all obviously agreed.



The losers and Patty sat around Ben's room chatting and eating. Ben is sitting next to Beverly on the floor, Patty and Stan were sitting against the bed which Eddie and Richie were on. Mike was on the rocking chair that was just in the room and Bill was on the desk chair.

They are having their own separate conversations, every so often having a group conversation, when Eddie screams out "what the fuck Richard!"

The group quickly turn around to Eddie and Richie, lying on the bed. "What did he do this time?"

“I don’t have enough money for chicken nuggets” Richie says pretending to cry but laughing halfway through. Eddie shakes his head “I thought you were bae... but turns out you were just fam.”

“Bruh!”

“Are you quoting vines?” Bill asked and frowned at them. Richie grins and screams “this bish empty. Yeet!” And throws his plastic cup at Bill’s head. He misses and it ends up hitting Mike, pouring the alcohol still in there over him. “You two are literally forty! Stop it... get some help!” Bill says and Beverly and Ben begin laughing like crazy.

Stan rolls his eyes and looks at his friends “are you all going to grow up or are you still mentally five?”

“What up I’m Jared, I’m nineteen and I never fucking learned how to read.”

“Seriously Eddie?”

Mike glares at the men laughing on the bed, and goes into the bathroom to quickly wash himself.

Richie turns to Eddie and frowns “we’re all children of Jesus” and pushes Eddie off the bed “Kumbaya my lord!”

Everyone laughed at the childish antics of Eddie and Richie, mumbling over them being man babies. After Mike returns to the bedroom -laughing from what he heard- Beverly grabs out her phone and waves it at the group. "Guys we need a group photo!"

Patty takes Beverly's phone and the losers get together for a group photo.



@BevMarsh

Beverly Marsh

[a photo of the losers huddled together on the floor of Ben's room, Beverly and Ben sitting together, Stan is slightly away from them but still in the full shot, Bill is squatting behind Beverly and Stan and is in between Eddie and Mike, who are also squatting, and Richie is lying on the floor in front of them. They all have massive grins.]

Beverly Marsh Dinner in Ben's room with the Losers Club and Patty!
Love you losers

Photo credit: @PattyBlumUris

@Mr_BilltheAuthor @EKaspbrak @MikeyH @Trashmouth.Tozier
@StanUris @Ben_Hanscom

Mike Hanlon we look great

Patricia Thank you Bev!

Stanley You took an amazing photo!

Richie Tozier I'm not a fucking loser!

Edward Kaspbrak shut the fuck up dickward you're more of a loser than me

Richie Tozier okay mr fanny pack

Edward Kaspbrak I said shut up

Bill Denbrough how do you two always argue? This is instagram stop!



As Eddie and Richie ‘willingly’ left the room when their vine quoting got a bit too much, they fell into a comfortable silence.

Both men thought it was nice, to once again be with someone and not have to fill the emptiness with words. Well until Richie thinks of something to talk about.

“Hey remember those fortune cookies?”

“Yes Richie” Eddie said with an eye roll, which went unnoticed by Richie “so how do you think you’ll die?”

“Dear old mommy... or Myra...”

Richie frowned and stopped walking, and looked at Eddie in confusion. Eddie stopped a few seconds after and gave Richie an expectant look. Without taking his eyes off of Eddie, Richie asks “why do you love her if she hurts you?”

Eddie frowns and takes his eyes away from Richie’s face “my mom or Myra?”

“I’m not joking for once.”

“You’re drunk.”

“Am not!”

Eddie gently grabs Richie’s arm and leads him to Richie’s room. He opens the door and helps Richie to his bed. Richie watches his friend rush around the room, trying to find pyjamas. Once he does, Eddie hands them to Richie and wraps his arms around Richie’s neck -well neck and head.

Richie basks in the glory of the hug, and doesn’t even realise he doesn’t hug Eddie back. Eddie quickly takes a step back and smirks at Richie and his dopey grin.

“Get some rest dickward.”

“Night Eds!”

“Not my name!”

Eddie leaves the room and Richie sits on the bed for a while, thinking. Thinking about a lot of things. But mainly thinking about Eddie.



“Hey asshole!”

Richie blinks and looks at Eddie, who’s waving a hand in his face. Eddie looks annoyed, and is basically growling “stop staring at me!”

“Sorry Eddie Spaghetti, was just thinking about you’re- holy shit!”

The losers look at Richie either confused, concerned or a mix of both. It’s been a few weeks since they stopped It, and since they stopped It, Richie had been more fidgety, more talkative, zoning out more. They were all suffering with things after It, but their personalities weren’t amplified like Richie’s.

“My mom said her and dad are going to think about having another kid! I wanna little sister. Oh my god Stan the Man!”

Stan turned his head to glare at Richie, who began to fall out of the hammock and crawl over to Stan, "you'll never guess! But you know that kid I told you about! He now lives near Bil- Big Bill I want a hug!"

Richie runs over to Bill and starts hugging him like crazy, and Bill returns the hug before turning to the rest of the losers "d-d-d-d-does anyone wanna go to the q-quarry tomorrow?"

Ben, Mike and Stan agree straight away, Eddie is slightly sceptical but agrees and Beverly frowns before speaking up "my Aunt is coming over to deal with... stuff."

"That's okay Bev, you have things to do" Ben says with a sweet smile directed at Beverly -one he reserves for Beverly- and she begins to blush and mumbles out a thanks.

"What about you Richie?" Mike asks to get a very loud "no! Mom and dad are taking me to get tested!"

"For what rabies?"

"I don't got rabies Eds!"

"Don't call me that numb-nuts!"

Stan points his stare at Richie after a very deserving eye roll at the two boys, and politely asks “what are you getting tested on Rich?” Richie shrugs before flinging himself off of Bill and lies in the middle of the circle his friends are seated in “dunno.”

Eddie frowns and goes and wraps his arms around Richie’s neck -well neck and head. Ben follows in suit and hugs Richie and then suddenly the entire group are hugging each other.

“Love you losers” Beverly says and Bill grins as he responds “we love you too Bev.”

Notes for the Chapter:

I’m sorry but they are fluffy and happy! For now...